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Chips and Chin Chin's Adventures with Indians.

By PETER PAD.

[Continued from "Wide Awake Library" No. 184]



Faster and faster did the darkey play; faster and faster did they jump, and the louder were their yells.

CHAPTER I.

ON their arrival at Ogden from Salt Lake City, they were introduced by Hi Berry to several other railroad men belonging to the eastern section, and after telling them of the fun they had had, left them with many a hearty shake of the hand, and good wishes for their success and future prosperity.

The donkey ride in which Chin Chin figured at Salt Lake City will be remembered, as also the adventure with the old Mormon tavern-keeper

and his wives, in which not only Chips and Chin Chin took a loud part, but their sable companion, the banjo-player, also figured as some shucks.

Ogden is a bright little place, full of bustle, business and fun, for like several other towns on the road which form the terminus of certain sections, there are always a large number of railroad men to be found there, and like sailors, wherever they are found, there fun is found in large or small quantities.

It was late in the afternoon when they arrived

at Ogden, but the hearty manner in which Berry introduced them soon insured them a cordial reception, and after getting on the outside of some grub at the railroad boarding-house, two of the boys took them out to see the sights.

Chips was feeling good, and so was "Spades," but Chin Chin had not yet got over the spree of the night before, and the swelling in his head made him feel almost anything but celestial.

"Why don't yer brace up, Chin?" asked Chips, as they walked along.

"Bracie allie gone where woodbine skippie"

badie headie allie—bah! Melican man whiskie makie much jumpie, eetle while, then damie fool allie time, so be. Me swear damie off," said he, with as much genuine repentant earnestness as ever a white toper manifested.

"Oh, terrible," said Chips.

"Yes, tumble allie round like monkey."

"No—no. Drop on your chin."

"Yes, dropie on headie, too," said he, sadly.

"Brace up an' give der boys some fun."

"Fun knock all hellie, so be."

Just then the railroad fellows led them into a sort of free-and-easy saloon on one of the side streets, near the railroad, and the whole party took seats at a table, and then took beer.

Chin Chin had no stomach for it and wanted to be excused, but they all insisted, and so he put it under his coat as medicine.

Five or six of them made him feel better, and the old comical smile began to return again.

Spades was feeling even better than first-rate, for by this time he found that he had struck a lucky party, and that the prospect of his getting to the end of his journey without hoofing it much, seemed much brighter than ever before.

Chips was telling the railroad boys some of the adventures they had had since setting out from 'Frisco, and they were highly entertained in this way for some time, for it will be remembered that some exceedingly funny things had happened to them.

"Wal, you're a pair of trumps," said one of them, after Chips had finished.

"Don't you forget it," said the other.

"Where did you come across the coon?"

"Oh, back here to Colfax. He's tryin' ter squirm through to St. Louis," replied Chips.

"Got anything in him?"

"Beer," said Chips, smiling.

"I mean anything lively."

"Oh, he's got whole gobs of fun in him."

"Good enough. Jerk some of it out."

"Spades!"

"Dat's my adopted name, sah," was the quick reply.

"Whar am dat banjo, honey?" asked Chips, in very good imitation of the negro dialect.

"Heah it am, chile," said he, pulling the old instrument out from under the table, for it was his only friend, and he never parted company with it if he could help it.

"Good enough, ole man. Undress dat banjo."

"Fo' shuah, chile," and he proceeded to do so; but it was no easy task, for, having no regular bag for it, he kept it tied up in a lot of old rags, and it was nearly as much work to "undress" it as it would have been to undress a sick boy.

"Dar she am," said he, after tuning it.

"Now, then, let us see yer claw 'round 'mong dat cat-gut."

"Oh, chile!" he exclaimed, as he struck a few chords; and this set everybody in the room to laughing, for they had already all gathered around the table and were dead ripe for fun.

"Give us a little song," said some one.

"Fren's, I go fo' dat yer song de bes' I know how, but maybe dat won't be very pooty, fo' I isn't much ob a night-ingale."

"Go ahead." And so he began a ditty:

Ole man, ole man, what yer doin' dar?

"Sittin' in de parlor combing out my har."

Jog along

Oh, I'm right on de railroad, rig-a-gig-a-Joe,

Come an' heah me play upon de ole barnjo.

Jog along.

Ole man, ole man, why don't yer dance?

"Arn't got no music, an' can't get a chance."

Jog along.

Oh, I am yer Kitydid, he, ha, ho!

Come an' heah me tickle up de ole barnjo.

Jog along.

Ole man, ole man, what makes yer blink?

"Been settin' two hours an' neber had a drink."

Jog along.

Oh, neber min', dar's a good time comin',

All hands drink when I's done a thumbin'.

Jog along.

"Good enough! So we will," exclaimed an old miner, who hadn't heard a banjo before in years. "Here, landlord, set 'em up all 'round—I'm fixed!"

And in a very short time everybody present was supplied with liquids. The treater raised his glass, and said: "Wal, here's to everybody but Chinamen!" and down went the drinks.

"I'll take a little Chinaman in mine," said Chips.

"All right, sonny; I don't want any," replied the man.

"Gentlemen, I have a Chinese friend here, and I guess we can get up a gang in his favor after we hear him. Come on here, Chin; give us a dance."

"Put him on the table," some one cried.

"Yes—yes; put him up where we can all see him;" and in a twinkling Chin Chin was boosted upon the large oaken table, in full view of everybody, and a cheer followed in which even the miner did not refuse to join.

Chin Chin was just full enough to enjoy this sort of a thing, and he grinned like a monkey.

"Hippie—hippie! 'Nough goodie! How yis high cly?" he cried.

"Now, Spades, give him a breakdown," said Chips, full of the fun.

"All right." And he struck up a breakdown which Chin Chin instantly caught up and put down on the table with his thick wooden shoes, and with such a vim that it wrenched every joint in it, and knocked more dirt and dust out of it than had ever been started before.

"Good!" the crowd yelled.

"Red hot!" said the miner. "Hang me if I ever knew a Chinaman before who could dance. But I'll bet ten to one that he'll dance cheaper than anyone else, and that thar's why I hate 'em."

"Go it!" yelled Chips.

"Dat's good! See him knock de putty out ob de cracks," said Spades.

It was hard to say which wore the biggest grin, Spades or Chin Chin, but there was some more danger that the darkey would take in his ears and back hair.

Did you ever see a Chinese dance? No? Well, it's almost an impossibility to describe it, as it is a compound of almost everything that can be done with both arms and legs. But with Chin Chin, there was a difference still. He mixed the song-and-dance breakdown, and the plantation jig with it, in such a way that it became peculiarly his own; a something unlike anything that was ever seen before, and a performance that nobody could imitate to save their lives.

The bar-room was crowded to repletion by those who had been attracted by the music, and the Chinaman was applauded with deafening roars as he put in the finishing touches to his dance.

"Best I ever saw!" exclaimed several.

"Beats the world."

"What a hit that would make on the stage!"

"Wher's Charley Parsloe now?" and dozens of other comments were heard on every side.

But Chips was not idle. He saw the hit that his pard made, and flipping off his cap, he went among the auditors with it.

"Gents," said he, "our friend Chin Chin is about to start for China as a missionary to carry the glad tidings of song and dance to the benighted heathen of his own flowery land. Now, he wants dust before he can dust out. So let's see how much you come down to send him off."

The result was a cap full of stamps and nickels, paid in amidst the most humorous excitement, and it certainly could not have been less than thirty dollars, so wild were the admirers of the eccentric Chinaman.

Even the miner, who had drank confusion to the Chinamen, was loud in his praise, and swore that he never would have suspected a Chinaman could have created such a sensation.

"Everybody come up!" said he; "I have discovered a new Chinaman. Come up, everybody!"

Well, "everybody" did come up, and there was a "hurrah" that was worthy of the occasion.

While the treat was going on, Chips espied an ice-chest standing at the end of the bar. The idea at once struck him that he could have some fun with this affair, so he drew one of the railroad boys aside and said to him:

"I say, Cull, we can have some fun."

"How?" was the eager query.

"Mum, now."

"Oh, sure."

"We'll make Dobson believe that there's a fellow in his ice-box," said Chips.

"Yas—but how?" asked the man, not understanding how Chips proposed to work his jig.

"Oh, I'll work that. You go and bet him five dollars that there's a man in the ice-box, and I'll fix the rest of it."

"No snap now?"

"Not on you. Go ahead," replied Chips.

"All right," and he pushed his way through the crowd up to the bar, where Dobson stood, while Chips worked his way over towards the refrigerator, so as to be ready for any emergency.

"I say, Dob, who's in yer ice-box?" asked the railroad chap, pointing to it.

"Who's in *what*?" demanded the landlord.

"Yer ice-box."

"What are yer spinnin'—chawin' gum?"

"No; there's somebody hidin' in yer ice-box."

"Oh, you better go home, Ike; you're beginnin' to get 'em bad. Somebody in my chest!" and the landlord laughed heartily at the idea.

"I'll bet you five dollars there is."

"What? I tell yer that they're comin' on yer."

"Here's a fiver says I'm right," said he, producing a greenback.

"You must have 'em pretty bad, Ike; but I s'pose I might as well scoop yer in this way as ter sell yer licker, so here's a fiver as sees yourn," said he, covering Ike's money.

By this time quite a large number had become interested in the controversy, and were eagerly watching to get at the bottom of it.

Chips, in the meantime, had been watching to see the bet made, and the moment the money was put up, he jumped upon the cover of the ice-chest.

"Ah, I've got him—I've got him!" he exclaimed, loudly, and instantly there was a rapid movement in the company present over towards where Chips was performing.

"What is it?" they all asked.

"Ah—ah, keep down—keep down!" cried Chips, going through with an effective bit of acting, jumping up and down, pulling up the cover of the chest an inch or two and slamming it down again, which made it appear as though some one was in the box and trying to force his way out.

Dobson and Ike forced their way through the crowd and both became interested spectators, for neither of them knew anything about the jig.

"What is it?" asked Dobson.

"A man in the ice-box," said several.

"Thunder!"

"Fact."

"Didn't I tell you?" demanded Ike, briskly, although he believed at the time that Chips had placed some one there for a lark, and to enable him to win the five dollars.

"Great beans! How in thunder'd he get in there?" said Dobson, confounded.

"Let him out," said several.

"Hold on a bit, let me see what he says," said Chips, waving back the crowd. "I say!" he added, knocking on the lid with his knuckles.

"Hello!" came a voice seemingly from the interior of the refrigerator.

"What are you doing in there?"

"*Keeping cool.*"

"I should say so. How did you get in there?"

"*Tumbled in, of course.*"

"Oh, you took a tumble, eh?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do there?"

"*Going ter stay.*"

"How long?"

"*Until Dobson shuts up.*"

"The devil he is!" said Dobson, excitedly.

"Then what are you goin' ter do?"

"*Come out an' have a drink.*"

"What else?"

"*Go through the till.*"

"Oh, you're a till-den chap, are yer?"

"*You bet.*"

"How is it in there?"

"Nice."

"Are you an ice man?"

"Yas, I'm on ice."

"I should say so. Anything to drink in there?"

"*Four or five bottles of rot-gut.*"

This created a laugh, and everybody turned to Dobson, who was as red as a beet.

"Lemme at him!" said he, wildly.

"Hold on, Dob, I'll take that money," said Ike.

"There it is, only let me at that son of a sea-cook, I'll fix him," and he caught up a big mallet.

"The old man is coming for you," said Chips, again addressing the imaginary man in the box.

"*Oh, he be hanged; I'm all hunk.*"

"Oh, lemme at him!" yelled Dobson, coming forward with his mallet.

"He's after your scalp."

"*Tell him to go shoot himself!*"

"What have yer got ter fight wid?"

"*An ice-pick, an' a bottle o' benzine!*"

"Oh, lemme at him!" cried Dobson. "Stand back, and see me mash thunder out of the cuss."

Some of the fellows tried to hold him back.

"Here he comes," said Chips, who was doing the neatest bit of ventriloquism he ever did in his life.

"*All right, I'm ready for him,*" said the voice.

"Great yams! Stand back there! Git off that ere box, sonny," said he, addressing Chips.

Chips jumped down, and opened the lid a trifle.

"You'd better skip," said he.

"*You go to thunder!*" said the voice, just as naturally as though it had come from a man in the box, but whose voice was heard altogether differently from what it was before.

"He'll mash yer."

"*He can't mash flies. He's a sucker!*"

"Ah—ah! look out! Don't get personal," said Chips, pressing down the cover.

"*Oh—oh—oh!*"

"What's the matter?"

"*You've shut it down on my finger!*"

"Oh, I beg pardon. There, how's that?"

"It aches," came the reply, deep in the box.

"Oh, lemme at him! I'll make him forget he ever had a sore finger. Stand back!"

Dobson being now thoroughly aroused, the crowd swayed back and gave him a chance to approach the ice-box, which he did, mallet in hand and blood in his eye.

Seizing the cover, he threw it up, and at the same time smashed his mallet in among the bottles and things which the box contained, smashing several and creating a great racket.

The crowd pressed around to see the smashed head of the man in the box.

They didn't see it; neither did Dobson.

He was utterly confounded, and stood looking from one to the other in a most foolish way; and the crowd looked as foolish as he did, for they could not comprehend it at all.

"Great snakes, what's that?" he asked, at length.

"Hee—hee—hee! Sold!" came the same voice from a closet close at hand.

Chips sprang to the door.

"Oh, you are there, eh?" said he.

"You bet I am. Didn't old Dobson think he had me? Hee—hee—hee!"

The laugh was so hearty that the company could not help joining in it to save their lives, although Dobson frowned savagely.

"How'd he get in that?" he demanded.

"How'd you get in here?" asked Chips.

"Skipped in!"

"How?"

"On a bottle of Dobson's lightning."

Again there was a laugh, and once more did Dobson grasp his mallet and approach the imaginary foe.

"Look out for yerself."

"Oh, I've got that same bottle of lightning!"

"Sufferin' Mettusala, I'll make wagon grease of that snoozer."

"No, you won't."

"Won't I? we'll see. Stand back there!" and seizing the cupboard door, he jerked it open, and raised his mallet to smash somebody.

But of course there wasn't anybody to smash, and by this time the crowd was wrought up to a fearful state of excitement. Chin Chin, however, began to tumble to it.

"Gotie debil in he, big likie dogie, ha—ha!" said he, laughing, but no one noticed him.

"Men, what's the meanin' of this yer?" asked Dobson, looking seriously around.

"Hang me, if I know!" cried several.

"Debil bigie likie assjack rablet," chimed Chin Chin.

"You all heard it?"

"Yes, to be sure," and they looked at each other in a half scared sort of a way.

"Maybe it's spirits," suggested an old bummer, whose face showed plainly that he had been a spiritual medium for some time.

"Guess it must be," said Dobson.

"Ha—ha—ha!" came the voice again from the ice-box, and all hands started as though a shot had been fired in their midst.

Dobson hesitated a moment, then lifted up the lid; but all that greeted his eyes was the ruin he had wrought there before.

"Gents," said Chips, coming forward, "you see there's no man in the box; now let's see if there is anything else in there," and he proceeded to imitate a small dog that had been shut into the box.

"Thunder! There's Jip in thar," said Dobson.

"Oh, no. Look an' see," said Chips, opening the box.

They all pressed around to get a glimpse, but seeing nothing like a dog, they gradually began to tumble to the jig, and to laugh slightly.

"Great Aaron!" groaned Dobson.

"No, it's a little pig," said Chips, and then he began to imitate the squealing of a pig in the box.

"Youngster, are that *you*?" demanded the astonished landlord, approaching Chips.

"It are."

"An' you done it all?"

"I did."

"I—I b'lieve you lie."

"No, he don't lie, either," said a voice in the chest.

"Are you one of them chaps as can throw that tork all 'round, anywhar?"

"That's the sort of a gum-drop I am," said he, joining in the laugh that had by this time become exceedingly loud.

"Matchless Moses! I'm all knocked skewways."

"Sold, by thunder!" cried the crowd, who sniffed a coming treat.

"That's so. Wal, I'll be hanged. Come right up here, fellers, an' name yer pizen. It's my whang-doodle this time, an' no mistake. Who in thunder'd a thort it? Wal—wal," said he, as he strewed the bar with tumblers.

There was quite as much curiosity manifested to get at Chips, and interview him, as there was to partake of Dobson's treat, and innumerable were the questions put to him regarding how he learned his ventriloquism, and how he did it.

Chin Chin was in his glory, and seeing what his young friend's "little devil" had done for him, he whipped off his hat and began to circulate among his enthusiastic admirers.

"Hi—hi!" said he, calling their attention; "Chippy got heap debel in him; wantee dust go east gittie out, so be. All same makie money like hellie," and he soon had the satisfaction of receiving a hat full of small change wherewith to enable Chips to go East for the purpose of having that "devil" got out of him.

Well, it was a jolly evening's sport all around, and after another song and dance, they returned with the railroad men, well pleased with what they had seen and enjoyed of the thriving town of Ogden.

It will be seen that our two orphans are now nearly one thousand miles from San Francisco, from which place they set out to make their way, by hook or crook, to New York. They have been on the road about ten weeks, and have managed to put nearly one-third of the distance behind them, although, as the reader knows, they have had to work for it hard and suffer many privations.

Their luck seemed to be changing now, and by keeping in with the railroad men, they hoped to work their way along without much further trouble. But we shall see what we shall see.

They were up bright and early the next morning, for the train on which their friends, Ike and George, were to run them through if they could, started at seven o'clock from Ogden, and provided they could keep them out of the conductor's sight, they could take them nearly five hundred miles, to Laramie.

They succeeded in getting them into one of the baggage-cars, and away went the train on its journey east, taking three as happy fellows as ever stole a ride or played a joke.

But luck appeared to be against them this time, for somebody had observed them getting into the baggage-car, and had posted the conductor just before the train started. So, after going through the cars and taking up or punching the way tickets, he went into the baggage-car, where the two orphans and their sable companion were hidden behind a stack of trunks and boxes.

After pulling and hauling around for some time, he finally reached down and caught hold of Chin Chin's pig-tail, and began to pull for the purpose of finding out what was at the other end of it.

Chin Chin knew what was at the other end of it, and lost no time in telling what it was.

"Oh—oh! hellie, damie! Squittie—squittie!" he yelled, as the conductor pulled him out of his hiding-place.

"I'll squittie you if you don't come out here," said the conductor, savagely.

CHAPTER II.

"SQUITTIE—squittie! Pullie cussie head lof!" howled Chin Chin, as the conductor of the train pulled him from behind a pile of trunks by his pigtail.

"What the devil are you doing here?"

"Ridie," replied Chin Chin, meekly.

"Ridie! Hookie ridie, I guess."

"So be."

"Who told you you might get in here?"

Chin Chin was about to give it away when he happened to look up, and discovered Ike standing near by shaking his fist at him.

"Gendle Grant," he replied.

"General thunder! Where are the other chaps?" he asked, pulling away more trunks, and exposing Chips and Spades stowed away snugly. "Come out of here, you hoodlum!" and he made a dive for Chips.

"Oh, I'm here, daddy," said he, leaping up and cutting a figure on the top of a trunk.

"So I see. How many of you are here?" asked the conductor, pulling away another trunk.

"Nary one."

"Oh, damie—damie! how bitie!" growled Chin Chin, still caressing his pigtail, the roots of which smarted from the pull received.

"Nary one, hey? What do you call this?" he asked, reaching down and pulling Spades up by the ear, while he squealed nearly as loudly as Chin Chin had done.

"That's a Spade; we're hearts an' diamonds," replied Chips.

"I guess so; and trumps, too, I guess."

"Maybe, but you *took* us, boss," said Chips, laughing heartily.

"Yes, so be, takie poor Chinees by pigtail, an' pull like hellie damie," said Chin Chin.

"Yes, I have taken you, but I'll be hanged if I am going to do so for nothing. Got any money?"

"Gobs of it," said Chips.

"And you?" he asked, turning to Chin.

"Heap big. Midlon dollar, so be," said he.

"How much have *you* got?" the conductor finally asked, turning to Spades, who stood trembling and swaying with the motion of the car.

"Lor' bress yer, boss, if railroads war a sellin' fo' a cent apiece, I couldn't buy a spike," said he, in a most mournful tone of voice.

"All right, you bounce at the next stop. Now how far are you two fellows going?" he added, turning to Chips and Chin Chin.

"New York," said Chips.

"Me allie same; Noo Whuck," added Chin.

"All right. First or second-class?"

"First chop, bet yer socks. We want it off the tender-loin or no meat for us—eh, Chin?"

"Me allie same likie you; chop first, likie mandarin, heap big."

"Very well. One hundred dollars each, please," said the conductor, calmly.

Chips uttered a prolonged whistle; Chin Chin opened his little almond-shaped eyes, and his pigtail reared up on end, while Spades almost sank through the car floor, so great was his consternation.

"Is that the cheapest for a first chop, boss?"

"Cheapest."

"How much to St. Louis, boss?" said Spades.

"Forty dollars, second class."

"Oh, Moses!" he groaned.

"No, owe *me*. Come, young fellow, I've got no time to waste with you. Show your sugar."

"Can you change a thousand dollar bill?" asked Chips, just as naturally as though he had one.

"Yes, of course I can."

"All right. I'll go 'round 'mong der boys, an' if I can borrow one, I'll let yer change it."

"Me allie same," said Chin.

"Great coupling-pins! Are you fooling *me*?" demanded the conductor, fiercely.

"No, of course not. I'll give yer the thousand dollar bill just as quick as I get it," said he, honestly.

"You be hanged. Come down with a hundred apiece, or off you go. Quick, now."

"Don't get yer snarley up, ole man. Wait 'til I pick out the change," said he, going down into his pocket.

"I don't believe you've got any money."

"What? How's that?" he asked, pulling out a handful of the small change that he had received for his performance at Ogden.

"There's no hundred dollars there."

"What'll you bet?" asked Chips, quickly.

"Bet!" said the conductor, contemptuously.

"Will you bet the fare through to New York for me an' pard?"

"No. Hustle out your fare, or off you go at the next station, understand?"

"All right. Give a feller a chance, won't yer? Lock us up if you think we'll skip."

"I dare say you'd like ter be locked up. Ah!" he added, as the whistle blew for a station, "you get things counted by the time I get back, or out you go at the next stop," saying which he left the baggage-car and went into the next to attend to his duties.

"Lockie door, klick!" said Chin Chin, springing towards it, "keepie out."

"Bully!" said Chips.

"Don't, boys, don't. He frow us all out ob de house, fo' shuah," said Spades.

"Hold on, boys," said Ike, who had been a quiet witness of the whole transaction. "It won't do any good an'li go rough with yer. How much money yer got?"

"Oh, five or six dollars apiece, I guess."

"All right. When he comes back get him ter ticket yer through second class as fur's yer money'll take yer, an' we'll see if there's anything we can do for yer."

"All right, Ike, we'll do as you say, an' trust ter luck. Count up, Chin."

"Hellie damie!" he growled.

"Oh, yer got ter do it," and he counted away at his until he made out five dollars and had a dollar or two left.

Chin Chin made out a like sum, although he felt very bad while doing it. Spades also began to get at the size of his pile, and by the time the conductor returned, each of them had five dollars in his fist.

"Well, are you ready?" he asked.

"'Course we be. But I say, boss, we have concluded to see a little more of the country, an' so we'll only take five dollar's worth with you this trip," said Chips.

"Five dollars worth?"

"Yes. How far'll it take us?"

The conductor looked at them a moment and then consulted his schedule, after which he gave them tickets for their money, or as near as he could, and showed them into the second class or emigrant car to finish up their ride.

It was, as usual, packed with all kinds, Irish, Scotch, Chinese, Dutch, and the Lord only knew what else.

"Heap big dambadie!" growled Chin Chin, who was determined not to feel well after having to part with his five dollars.

In fact, neither of them felt happy over the way things had turned out; but Chips, whose spirits were always first-rate, was inclined to make the best of it and trust to luck.

They rode along for some time without making further comments upon the situation, during which Spades was trying to think of what the deuce was going to get him next, and Chin Chin was counting up what money he had left, and hiding it in his shoe, resolved that nothing short of next to starvation or loss of liberty should drag it out into the grasping world. He had calculated to get his head shaved the first chance he had, for there was a month's growth of hair upon it, which is as much the Chinaman's shame as his pigtail is his glory.

But Chips was just as happy without a cent as he was with one, and without taking notice how his blue and black companions were, he was watching an old Irishman and his wife, who appeared to be exceedingly nervous and anxious about how far they had come, and if the train would stop for them at St. Louis.

"Is this St. Lice?" he asked, rising to his feet as the train slacked up at Echo.

"Yes," said Chips, throwing his voice so that it seemed apparently to come from a man who sat behind the anxious Irishman.

"Are you sure, troth?"

"Of course!" said another voice.

"Come along, Mag, or, sure, they'll not stop for us ter get off," said he, gathering up his boxes and bundles.

Several persons sat around him, but none of them could speak English, or they did not comprehend the situation, and so said nothing.

"Hurry, will you, Mag?" he growled, as the train began to slow up, and each with arms full of luggage began to stagger and tumble through the aisle of the car towards the door, treading on other people's feet and scrambling over their bundles, which blocked the way.

In this he had much bother, and probably would have stopped for the purpose of having a fight with one of the indignant Dutchmen, had he not been so fearful that the cars would not stop long enough for him to land.

Chips was laughing like a good fellow and enjoying the joke, as he knew so well how to do.

"What makie tie-hie?" asked Chin Chin, who noticed his little friend's merriment.

"Fun," was his laconic reply.

"How?"

In the meantime the excited Irishman and his wife had fought their way to the door, and out of it to the platform of the station.

"Are this St. Lice?" he asked of the conductor, who happened to be standing near.

"St. Louis! Good gracious, no. What are you dreaming about?"

"St. Lice, sure; are this it?"

"No—no. Go back into your seats again."

"Sure they tould me in here that it was."

"They wer fooling you. You won't get to St. Louis until day after to-morrow."

"Do ye moind that, Dennis?" asked his wife; but he was not exactly satisfied after all.

"But, I say, isn't there danger that ye moight get there afore ye know it an' go past without lavin' us?"

"Nonsense! Go back to your seats. All aboard!" he added, as a warning to passengers.

"I say, Mag, we've been fooled wid," he said to his wife, as they entered the car.

"Troth, I think so," said she.

"Bad luck ter the bones of the haythin as did it, I'll blacken ivery bit of him."

"Oh, be asy, Denny, dear; sure, they didn't mane it, so they didn't."

"But, begorra, I do, then," and he crowded along through the aisle again, drawing out curses in nearly all the modern languages.

On reaching their seats they found that they had been taken possession of by a couple of Swedes, and it required a book full of argument to get the seats without a fight,

but as they could not speak English and were not inclined to fight, they gave them up, and the mad Irishman took possession again.

Chips saw that he did not relish the joke, and so concluded to look honest and lay low.

But that mad Irishman was not inclined to give up the affair, and no sooner did he find himself in possession of his seat than he turned upon those who sat around him.

"Where's the blackguard as tould me this was St. Lice! Show him ter me!" he yelled, spanking his big red fists together.

But no one replied.

"Bring me the dirty spalpeen, an' sae me spoil his beauty!"

Nobody appeared to be anxious to have their beauty experimented with.

"Faith, I think it was ye that said it," he exclaimed, turning upon an inoffensive Norwegian, who sat behind him.

The emigrant looked at him in surprise, not being able to speak a word of English.

"Troth, ye needn't look so innercent, or I'll put yer two eyes into one, so I will."

The Norwegian sputtered away in his native language, which only exasperated the Irishman.

"What kind of haythin gibberish de ye call that? Faith, I'll hut you one for luck onyway," and he aimed a fiery blow at him.

But for once in his life he had roused the wrong passenger, for parrying the Irishman's blow as quick as thought, he sent in a stinger that told on his nose as well as though it had been delivered in English.

It knocked poor Paddy sprawling over upon a couple of Dutchmen who sat in front of him, and while his wife attended to one of them, he tried to clean out the car, but it was a failure; and after he had been bounced around for about five minutes receiving several foreign compliments on different parts of his body, he concluded that he wouldn't lick the man that deceived him, and so subsided into swearing.

Chin Chin had been an interested spectator of this scrimmage, and was applauding it with all his might until somebody drew off and gave him a smack in the snoot, when he suddenly lost all further interest in the affair, and went right to work to attend to the wants of a bleeding nose.

Chips asked him, after things had become quieted down somehow, how he liked the fun.

"Oh, me likie fust-late, if snoot only on somebody else, so be," he said, with mournful comicality.

"Well, whenever yer get inter an Irish jig of that kind, unscrew yer nose and put it in yer pocket for safe keeping," said he, laughing.

"Putly good; so will."

They rode along until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the train reached Evanston—quite a considerable town about a hundred miles from Ogden. As the train stopped, the conductor entered the car where our friends were seated. Their friends, the train hands, had tried everything in their power to persuade him to allow them to ride to the end of their section, but he would not have it.

"Come, young fellows, you want to bounce out here. Money up!" he said.

"Is this St. Lice, sure?" asked the Irishman, again leaping to his feet.

"No, sir; this is *not* St. Louis. Now will you be quiet?" he said, savagely.

"Troth, an' I didn't know but ye'd come to it," he said, subsiding into his seat.

"Come, get off," he said, again addressing Chips and Chin Chin.

"No mo' ridie?" asked Chin Chin.

"No; get off here."

"All right, boss; we'll get off," said Chips.

"Well, see that you do," he added, going from the car to attend to his business.

"Hellie damie!" growled the disgusted Chinaman.

"Gosh all smoke! What we do now?" asked Spade.

"Oh, come along. Do like me," said Chips, leading the way to the car door.

"Yes, allie same, go debil!" growled Chin, and they all stepped out upon the platform.

Ascertaining from Ike that the train stopped there ten minutes for refreshments, all three of them went for the grub counter, and got away with everything within their reach, eating so fast that the woman who was attending the counter could not keep track of her disappearing grub.

When the conductor called "All aboard!" they hastily paid for about half they had eaten, and again got on board the train just as it moved away, taking their seats just as if nothing had happened.

Spades was very nervous and predicted all sorts of evil things that would happen to them on account of this lark, but Chips told him to be quiet, and if he didn't like to travel in their style, to get off and skip along afoot.

After they had ridden about twenty miles the conductor came into the car. Observing the three rogues, in three different colors, seated just where he had left them, he was amazed, of course.

"What in thunder are you doing here?" he yelled.

"Are *this* St. Lice?" asked the Irishman, who had been aroused from a nap.

"Shut up!" snarled the conductor, and then walked up to his customers.

"What are you doing here?"

"Ridie," said Chin Chin, meekly.

"Ride thunder! Didn't I tell you to get off at Evans-ton?" said he, savagely.

"Well, so we did," said Chips, calmly.

"You did? Well, why in thunder didn't you *stay* off?"

"Because you didn't say anything 'bout it."

"Great hugags!"

"If yer wanted us ter stay off, why didn't yer say so? How'd we know? We thought as how it were a grubbing ap place."

"Well, by the great spoon! You have got cheek enough for an Indian trader. Now, when the train stops again, you get off and stay off, or I will throw you through a window. Do you hear?"

"All right, boss. We stand under yer now. Nothin' mean 'bout us, only we want yer ter say zactly what's the matter wid yer," said Chips.

"Well, that's what's the matter with me now, and don't you forget it."

"Good enough. Good-by."

"I'll good-by you if you play any more roots on me, you'd better believe," said he, going away.

"And that's where the laugh comes in!" sang Chips, merrily.

"Where laughie?" asked Chin Chin.

"Why, haven't we skinned twenty-five miles more out of him by a little cheek? 'Course we have. Nothing like cheek, eh, Chin?"

"Belly good, so be, allie time."

Now it so happened that the next station was only a flag station, and as there was no signal out the train did not stop, but kept on to the next, about ten miles further on, giving them as good as thirty-five miles for their trick.

But when they stopped at Hampton the conductor was on hand to see that they got out and did not get on again, and once more did our friends find themselves out on the cold world, two orphans and an odd one.

They stood for some moments on the platform, watching the departing train, with feelings which were almost anything but festive.

"Gone likie woodbine, so be," moaned Chin Chin.

"Oh, that's allright. How do you feel, Spades?"

"Goshermighty, I feels homesick, I does," said he.

"Well, that won't get yer home much. Let's see what sort of a roost this is, anyway," said Chips, starting out to look at the place.

Good gracious! it was no place at all! There were only a few shanties scattered about the little station, it being simply a switch-station, where trains sometimes meet and wait for each other. A plentiful lot of cedars abound, and there are quantities of large game to be found near by.

The reader can judge how disappointed they were on finding themselves nowhere, and over nine hundred miles from Omaha. Things looked blue. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the only thing left for them to do was to hoof it to the next station.

But they were well rested, and after talking the matter over a moment, they started along the track merrily. The country hereabouts is wild and mountainous, as is nearly all that portion of Wyoming Territory through which the railroad runs.

They walked a mile or two on the track, when they were startled by a shrill Indian war-whoop, which almost made their hair stand, notwithstanding the fact that Spade's was curled tight to his head, and Chin Chin's was in a braided pig-tail; and the next instant half-a-dozen straggling "bad Indians" darted out from the woods and went for them.

"Bress de good Lord! It am all up with us now!" groaned Spades.

"Immergin—hellie damie!" said Chin Chin.

"Here's luck," thought Chips, as the savages came closely upon them.

"Me no fightie—me no fightie," said Chin.

"Don't do nuffin to us, dar's good big Injuns," said the negro, falling upon his knees.

By this time the savages had gathered around them, but seemingly more out of curiosity than aught else, for although they were bad Indians and out on thieving raids, they would probably not have taken life if they had been unmolested, which they certainly were in this instance.

The white, yellow, and red specimens which they saw in the group of their prisoners excited them to sundry grunts and guttural ejaculations; and after going through them to see if there was anything they could steal, they began to experiment with Spades and Chin Chin, never having seen either a Chinaman or a negro before. They spat on his face and tried to rub off the black, and then one of them grabbed him by the wool, and with delighted yells danced him around, and went through the motions of scalping, evidently regarding him as a first-rate specimen to work on.

The poor devil yelled for mercy, but it did no good, and they only released him when another of the party discovered Chin Chin's pig-tail, and this excited them to great merriment. All the "hellie damie's" and protestations in the world could not save that pig-tail, for one of them drew his knife and cut it off close up to the roots; while the poor devil mingled his cries of anguish and despair with their exultant yells; for when a Chinaman loses his queue he meets with a disaster equal to death itself.

They evidently could not speak English; but they were well armed and full of the devil.

The next thing that attracted their attention was the banjo belonging to Spades. They examined it for some time, probably thinking, at first, that it was some sort of weapon, but chancing to touch the strings the sound startled them, and they dropped it upon the ground.

"Give 'em a tune, Spades," said Chips, and taking up the banjo, he began to play a jig.

"Somebody said that music has charms to soothe the savage. Let's see how it will operate on these duffers."

The effect was magical. One by one they laid down their guns and gathered around to listen. They seemed to catch the spirit of the tune, and began to dance, hopping up and

down in the most ludicrous manner and yelling as only a wild beast can yell.

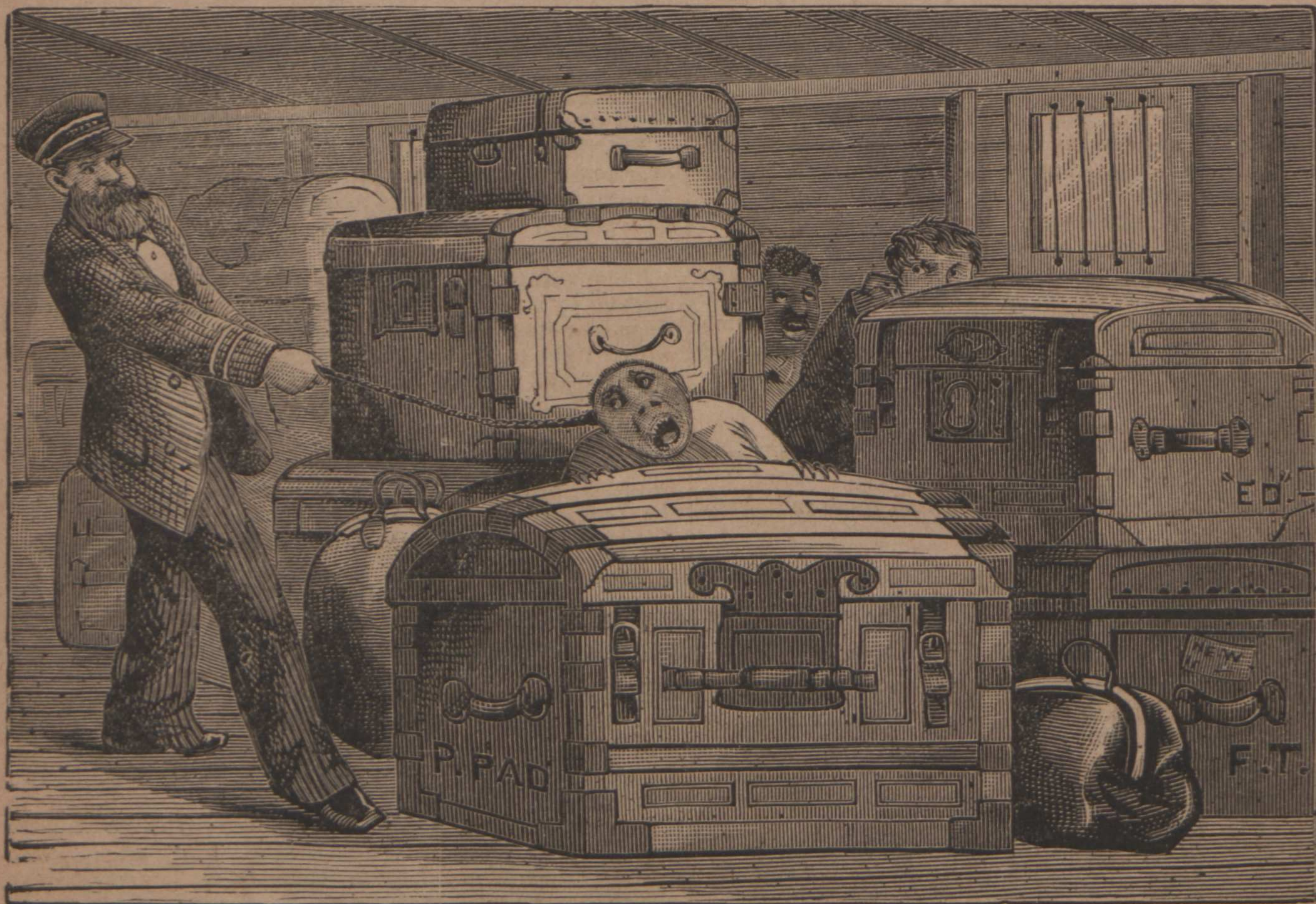
"Give it to 'em faster," said Chips, who had his eye on their weapons, which lay on the ground.

Faster and faster did the darkey play; faster and faster did they jump, and the louder were their yells.

So completely absorbed were they that they did not notice Chips and Chin Chin, who, watching their chances,

having half vented his spite he once more cocked his gun and tried to fire it without powder or ball.

It was a failure. But those Indians escaped and did not again put in an appearance, but poor Chin Chin was utterly inconsolable over the loss of his pig tail. He threw down the gun and began pawing wildly around behind him for the purpose of reaching the stump of it, but he could feel that his long pride had gone, and what was now his disgrace was only about three inches long.



The conductor reached down and caught hold of Chin Chin's pigtail, and began to pull, for the purpose of finding out what was at the other end of it.

took up each a gun, and, cocking them, they called upon the Indians to surrender.

Spades also threw down his banjo, and caught up a rifle, and presented it at the head of one of the astonished Indians.

With a yell of fierce hatred they broke and fled to the woods, leaving our friends masters of the situation.

"Go muchie hellie!" said Chin, firing at the one who had stolen his pig-tail, and Spades sent another bullet after the rascal who had acted so playfully with his woolly head.

CHAPTER III.

THE Indians had fled to the woods, and Chips resolved to take the captured guns to Carter, the next station to Hampton, between which places they had been so abruptly stopped by the red rascals.

That banjo of Spades had saved them, although it did not save Chin Chin's queue, for which he would willingly have exchanged his scalp, and asked no questions; so highly do all Chinamen prize these appendages.

"Go hellie, so be!" again roared Chin Chin, and not

He danced around, and said "Hellie damie" for about five minutes, greatly to the merriment of his two companions, who could not help laughing, to save themselves, and then he threw himself upon the ground and cried.

"What's the matter, Chin?" asked Chips.

"Piggie tailie gone allie deble likie woodbine twinie," he said mournfully.

"Well, that's all right, ole man. What's a pigtail for, anyway?"

"Much goodie allie same. Oh, piggie tailie allie gone!" said he, again feeling of the stump.

"Golly! I wouldn't make such a fuss if yer steal all de wool off my head," said Spades.

"They'd have ter skin yer scalp ter do that."

"Yah—yah—yah! dat yer war put dar ter stay."

"Oh, hellie damie! damie hellie allie same!"

"What's ther matter now?" asked Chips.

"Me allie same like damie Melican man, now," said he, in a tone of melancholy and disgust.

"No! Does cutting off yer pig-tail make yer as bad as an American?" asked Chips, with a serio-comic mug.

"Allie same, so be."

"Wal, I'm sorry for yer, Chin. Wish yer could drown yer grief in some whiskey."

"So me. Get heap tightie, klick, so be."

"All right; come along an' we'll find a whiskey-spring before long," said Chips, taking up a couple of the captured guns, and turning to go.

"Golly, wish I could find spring like dat; I build hotel ober it," said Spades.

"No, you'd build a mill."

fourth-rate hotel in this little town; but nothing in the world delighted him so much as an adventure of some kind, whether he was in it himself or others related it to him.

Those who stood around were his friends, of course, for wasn't he the boss of the whiskey jug?

"Gosh all darn," said they all in concert.

"Yer don't go fer to tell us as how yer three sons of



Chin Chin hadn't the slightest idea of the purpose for which he was being used, but he thought there was fun and money in it.

"Mill?"

"Yes; whiskey mill."

"Bv golly, you's right. Come 'long; we's de bosses ob de road so far," and Spades also took up another gun, leaving one other and the banjo to Chin Chin, who still sat on one of the iron rails and bemoaned his loss.

"Heap hellie damie!" he cried again, and uttering a shrill, peculiar squeal, he leaped to his feet, and taking up the gun once more, he pointed it in the direction that the Indians had taken, and again pulled the trigger.

His indignation was only taking another leap, but the laughing of Chips and Spades brought him to his senses, and taking up his traps he started moodily along the track after them.

They arrived at Carter just at dark, and going to a hotel near the station, they related their experience to quite a crowd of people, who were congregated in the bar-room.

"Wal, I swan tu man!" said the landlord, who was examining the guns which the boys had captured. "I'll be goldarned if that yar don't beat all natur!"

He was a long, lean Yankee, who had seen all sorts of experience, and had finally settled down to keeping a

guns got away with five Injin varmints; got their tools, an' didn't have any of yer own?"

"Fact, I assure you," said Chips.

"Dat am shuah as guns," put in Spades.

"Good 'nough! Come an' hump yerselves for a drink," said the admiring landlord.

"Well, I say, boys, if yer not perticular, I'll take mine in hash," said Chips.

"What! grub-basket empty?"

"Chuck full of it."

"Full of what?"

"Emptiness."

"Oh, all right; I'll grub you up, but how 'bout this 'ere chap?" he asked, turning to Chin Chin; "Chinaman, arn't he?"

"Yer bet."

"But whar's his pigtail?"

"The Indians cut it off."

"Yes, allie gone likie woodbine skippie," said Chin Chin, mournfully.

A shout of laughter greeted this, and they were really

excusable for laughing; for although he had always been a comical cuss, he looked even more so now than ever before.

"Wal, gosh all smoke! John, you're good for all yer want at this yer bar," said the landlord.

"Have grub?" asked Chips.

"Grubbie allie go damie. Me wantie whiskie allie same likie Melican man. Getie full likie owl bilie," said he with a sort of Californian dash, for he had by this time recovered something of his former spirits.

"Good enough, John; what'll she be?"

"Eddle dropie ginie, so be," said he, smothering his face with a grin that was childlike and bland, but not temperance by any means.

"Here you are."

"Ginie!" he exclaimed, as he took up the bottle and poured out nearly a tumbler full. "Heap good; likie red hotie; makie feel likie don't care dammie," said he, as he rubbed his paunch after he had swallowed it.

"Have another," said the landlord, who saw that there was fun brewing, and for the purpose of testing his cheek.

"Oh, yesie, some more heap allie time. Makie feel likie hunklie dorie, betie you ebly time;" and again did the gorgeousness of a tickled Oriental smile overspread his comical features.

"Hold any more?" asked the landlord.

"Putley soon, so be."

"Oh, you think you can manage to worry down a little more arter it gets sorter settled down among yer innards?"

"Ebly time."

Satire or irony were lost upon Chin Chin, especially now when he was trying to drown the memory of his disgrace. He could take in any quantity of sympathy, provided it was accompanied by something substantial in the shape of fluids or solids, but if a person attempted to check his disposition with anything less suggestive than a kick, he never tumbled.

"Wal, gosh darn my tumble bugs! darned if I don't think you're all holler," said one of the party.

"Golly! guess yer would hab thought so if you heah him when de Injins chop off he pigtail," said Spades, and after studying over it a moment, the company voted it a joke, and smiled.

In the meantime Chips was filling his bread basket and smiling at the good turn of luck.

"Now, boys," said the landlord, who always had an eye to the main chance, "dead bust, are ye?"

"Puty clean scoop, boss," said Chips.

"All right. Yer don't want only a gun apiece."

"That's so."

"Kersactly. But yer du want grub an' bunkin'?"

"Well, somewhat."

"Kersactly. Now, I'll give yer five dollars apiece for two of the guns, an' yer take it out in trade. Hey?"

"That'd be ten dollars for the two guns."

"Kersactly."

"How long will you let us stay here for the two guns?"

"Lemme see; four days."

"How much cash for the two guns?"

"Well, lemme see 'bout that. Yer see, young feller, it takes good deal 'rithmetic ter get that yar right down ter fine cipherying," and he gave himself up to the problem so entirely that he failed to hear a customer call for a glass of

whiskey. "I'll give yer five dollars in cash for the two shooters. What der yer say?"

"How long will yer let us stay here for five dollars in cash?" asked Chips, who was somewhat of a sharp himself.

"Lemme see; wal, two days."

"Great horseflies!" exclaimed Chips, opening his eyes.

"What's the matter?" demanded the landlord.

"I can't understand yer figgerin'."

"Can't—can't! Great lamentations! Why, young feller, if you war anywhar near my size I should resent that dispersion onter my character by snatching yer body on the end of this yer knife," and the landlord looked both hurt and indignant. "Boy, I used ter be a schule master!" he added, with awful impressiveness.

"Wal, that's all right, maybe yer one now, but that don't hinder my not understandin' yer larnin'."

"Oh, if that's what yer meant, why all right, I forgive ye, of course."

"Of course!" chimed half a dozen of his friends, who had become interested in the argument, and they all shrugged their shoulders, nodded significantly, and shook hands with each other just as though a great calamity had been avoided.

The landlord was a great gun among them, of course, one with whom they were bound to agree any time; but when so many of them agreed at one time, and on a subject so weighty, he was human enough to acknowledge the intelligence of his friends by treating them. So he "set them up," just as they almost felt sure he would do, and while they were drinking he again turned to Chips.

"Ther trouble is with yer, young feller, yer haven't had the blessin's of education poured out on yer, so in course yer can't understan' gography, 'rithmetic, vowels, long division, substraction, geology, triggernomity, an'——"

"Wal, which one of 'em's got ter do with this ere trade on guns?" asked Chips.

"Why, triggernomity, in course."

"Oh, I didn't know but 'twas extortion."

"No—no, extortion arn't got nuthin' ter do with it. It's a plain case of triggernomity."

"But yer say yer'll let us stay four days for the two guns," said Chips, smiling.

"Kersactly. Nothin' mean 'bout me."

"An' yer'll give five dollars in cash for 'em?"

"Yer grasp the outlines of the problem, so ter speak. Kersactly," said he, with the voice and air of one who was pleased to find that he had stated a case unmistakably plain.

"Now, how'd yer make ther two things hitch?" and Chips smiled some as a fellow might who had cornered the schoolmaster.

"Wal, young feller, business is so brisk jist now, that I haven't time ter go all through a long sum in triggernomity for yer; but if yer arn't satisfied, why, all yer got ter do is ter scat ther ranche," and having got into the subject so far that he couldn't get out without backing out, he went to wait on a customer.

"All right, boss. Of course your learnin' gets the best of me; but I'll pass an' taker up on the four days for the two guns."

"Young fellar, yer wise 'nough ter be a man, an' if I had

time I'd figger it out an' show yer jist how yer are what I say."

"Never mind, I don't want no figgers," said Chips, who had common sense enough to take the best of a bargain when it was put to him in the way this one was.

"All right. Git right in an' make yerself at home. Set yer weepins right behind the bar here."

"Here you are," and all five of the captured guns were stood in a corner, out of the way, and Chips and Chin once more had a home.

But how was our bob-tailed Oriental by this time?

He was "full as a goat," that's how he was. The glasses of "ginie" had caused him to forget all about the loss of his pigtail, and he was now walking up and down the bar-room, with his hat cocked on one side of his head, his hands in the armholes of his vest, and acting as much like a "Melican" drunken man as possible.

The fellows in the bar-room were chaffing him, and laughing at his odd sayings, and the comical look of that bob-tail which stuck out under his cocked hat.

"Houpie! Whang—bang! Setie up some more, so be! Pig tailie gone debil, and drunk like hellie—whoop!" said he, with a wild, comical flourish.

"Go it, John," said several.

"Me allie same now like Melican man. Get drunk; slam bang, fightie, no pay for "ginie!"

"Oh, that's your racket, is it?" asked the landlord, and all hands took another laugh.

"Allie same likie one of boys; shootie bar-man, breakie glassie, and raisie hellie allie time, so be."

"Better get a suit of boiler-iron if yer going on that lay, John," the landlord suggested, and everybody in the bar-room insisted upon laughing and pronouncing it the best joke they ever heard.

Of course the landlord treated. He was always ready to pay for appreciation, and the gang that hung around him were always ready to appreciate, for thereby they got many drinks.

"Give us a song, John," said the landlord, after the drinks.

"Heap singie and much jumpie for dustie," said Chin.

"What's that?"

"He'll sing an' dance for yer if yer'll let him pass around his hat," said Chips, who also had his eye out for replenishing their treasury.

"An' I play de banjo," put in Spades.

"All right. Come here a minute," said the landlord, beckoning to Chips.

Chips approached curiously.

"If yer'll only give a good show, I guess there's dust in the crowd," said he in a whisper.

"Yes."

"I sorter think so, an' if yer'll only see me, I'll let the bob-tailed John go in."

"See yer."

"Whack."

"Oh! how much?"

"Oh, say half."

"Nonsense; we're three ter one."

"Wal, aren't this my shebang?"

"An' don't we furnish the talent?"

"Yes, but what's talent good for without a shebang?"

"An' what's yer shebang good for without talent?"

"Wal, yer a smart one. Go ahead, an' share alike."

"Good enough. Go in there, Spades," said Chips, calling to his sable musician, who by this time had tuned up his old banjo, and sat ready to go in.

"Me all houpla," said Chin Chin, giving a few preliminary steps.

"Well, shake her down."

The music started and that bob-tailed Chinese *did* just "shake her down," for, with his big dose of "ginie" and his wooden shoes, he rattled dust and dirt enough out of the cracks in the floor to plant a bushel of potatoes.

"Go in, John!" shouted the delighted crowd who had gathered to see the fun.

"Now then!"

"Houpla!"

"Shoo-fly!"

"Good for John!"

"Who dar!" and various other calls, in which Chips, Chin Chin, and Spades took part.

"Houpla! How high datie?" said Chin Chin, putting down his right foot for a finisher.

A generous round of applause followed the performance, and Chips was not slow in taking advantage of this enthusiasm, and taking Chin Chin's hat, he went around among the crowd and sought to take up a collection. At first everybody seemed to be so tickled that they could not see the hat, but when the landlord hinted that he was in favor of the arrangement, and that he should contribute to the fund himself, things took a change and the small change began to pour in until the hat was pretty well filled with it.

"Now I'll be gosh all darn," said the landlord, with one eye on the crowd and the other on Chips, who still held the hat and contribution, "le's have some fun."

The gang cheered as only a crowd of country suckers can cheer a country landlord, and they gathered in front of the bar with open eyes and mouths to hear what the oracle had to suggest.

"Ter-night yer know that ere chap spouts on temperance up here'n the hall."

"Yas," said a dozen voices.

"Wal, he'll want a 'terrible example.'"

"In course he will," said his attentive friends.

"Wal, whar in gosh all thunder will yer find a better 'frightful example' than this yer John?" he asked, pointing to Chin Chin.

"Good—good!" they were all bound to say, of course.

"Want ter be a 'terrible example,' Chin?" asked Chips.

"Me wantie anythin' makie money, so be," said he, grinning.

"Oh, of course thar's dust inter it," said the landlord, at the same time beckoning to Chips. "How much yer scoop in?"

"Four dollars."

"Honest Injun?"

"Square bean."

"Wal, we'll make more up ter the harl. Come down with my dollar—sly, yer know—an' we'll go up an' scoop it in."

"How?" asked Chips, handing him his share of the collection.

"Oh, we've got a job put up on the ole cuss as is a try-in' ter ruin this yer town by preachin' temp'rance, an' all you've got ter do is ter be thar with yer pards, an' watch the fun. Fact is, we're a band of patriots, clubbed ter-gether ter see fair play, an' knock the stuffin' out of that mangey cuss as wants ter demoralize the town of Carter with his temp'rance treason. Oh, you'll see fun, jis' bet."

"All right; we'll scoop it in," said Chips.

All this had been talked aside.

"Now, boys, all yer as wants ter see fair play, get ready ter jine in. Yer needn't take yer weepins 'long unless yer want ter, for we don't want ter do nothin' ter the ole cuss, only fire him out of the winder, or somethin' like that; sorter harmless 'musement, yer know, that's all."

This, of course, was freely agreed to, and after partaking of another drink, a gang of about fifty started for the little hall, where a one-horse orator was holding forth on temperance.

He was just getting warmed up to his work when the "Fair-Play Delegation," as they called themselves, filed into the hall, singing. "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl;" and as many of their friends were there to meet them, they received quite an ovation—so much of a one, in fact, that the speaker and a few of their friends of temperance were completely drowned out of hearing, and almost out of sight.

A riot followed of course; but, in the greatness of his heart, Slump (our friend, the landlord) came to the front, and while seemingly trying to stop the uproar, he said:

"Feller citerzens! Hear me!" he shouted, and up there arose a shout and a yell that shook the building to its very foundation. "I b'leve in fair play." (More cheers.) "We b'leve in fair play." (More of them.) "Now I understand why yer yell an' kick at this yer lecture. It's cos he haint got no 'terrible example' ter hold up; nothin' ter show ther awful 'fects of bad rum." (Cheers.) "My fellow citizens, I've got one that I'll lend him." Tremendous cheers.) "An' I'll trot him up if yer say so."

Well, didn't they say so. They yelled like so many demons for two or three minutes.

"Correct, feller citizens; I understand the call," and takin Chin Chin by the arm he led him upon the platform, notwithstanding the protest of the lecturer and the disgust of a few of the temperance people who were present.

As for Chin Chin, he hadn't the slightest idea of the purpose for which he was being used; but he thought there was fun and money in it, and so he at once began to cut up his antics as soon as Slump led him upon the platform.

And what a comical sight he was! Drunk as a boiled owl; his hat cocked on one side, and his stumpy pigtail sticking straight out behind like the chopped narrative of a dog, and a grin on his mug that would have made a Chinese god laugh, it was no wonder that he was hailed with delight and that the applause was long continued.

"Me losie pigtail,
Allie go hellie dam,
Me goodably time,
Same likie Melican man,"

he began to sing, after which he danced a few steps before Slump could restrain him.

"Feller-citizens: here he is," said he, as soon as the applause had ceased somewhat. "Yer see before yer, feller-citizens, a Chinaman who once belonged to the nabobs of the Flowery Kingdom. In fact, royal blood run in his veins before gin run it out. But, my friends, he would drink instead of being the Emperor of China, and here you see him, full of jig water and not carin' a continental for royalty. Why, he even got so low that he spouted his pigtail for gin."

At this point the lecturer attempted to protest, but five or six of the "fair play gang" leaped upon the stage and hustled him out of a window, and tumbled him down about ten feet on top of an old shed, making a deuce of a racket.

"Fellow-citizens: I see that the lecturer has gone out, disgusted at his failure." (Cheers, loud and hearty.) "That shows yer the folly of goin' lecturin' on temp'rance without yer 'frightful example,' an' I hope it'll be a warnin' ter yer all, allus to go fixed. But for fear that yer will be disappointed like at the way things have turned out—specially the way that are lecturin' skunk sneaked away (cheers)—I'll make use of my frightful example ter amuse yer, only hintin', by-the-way, that any little favor yer may see fit ter drop into his hat, after the show's over, will be duly 'preciated, an' go towards red flannel shirts an' fine toothed combs for the wild native Africans."

A tremendous cheering greeted this, during which Chips led Spades upon the stage with his banjo.

"Feller-citizens, you will now see the 'Terrible Example' in one of his jim-jam break-downs," said the favorite orator; whereat there was more applause.

Spades struck up a jig, and at it went Chin Chin, doing his best at the break-down, which our readers have become so familiar with, and it would be superfluous to say that applause followed in the heartiest manner.

Then Spades gave a banjo solo and song, after which Chin Chin tried it again, and got well paid for his efforts.

The temperance lecture had by this time become a regular show, and all hands were deeply interested in it.

It was Chip's turn, now, and, although he had never performed before a regular audience before, he went on full of confidence, and, with the aid of a candle-box, he gave some interesting specimens of ventriloquism, which took with the crowd tremendously.

They applauded him to the echo, and the landlord all the while—as master of ceremonies and stage manager—claimed them all as "frightful examples," which pleased the audience quite as much as the performance did.

When the show was over he went around with a hat and collected about twenty dollars, and the meeting broke up with cheers for him, and also for Chips and Chin Chin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE fun they had at the little town of Carter lasted nearly all night, for the friends they had made at the temperance lecture, and those of the landlord, who had succeeded so artfully in breaking up the meeting, by introducing Chin Chin as a "frightful example," all gathered at the hotel and "made a night of it."

It was loads of fun for Chips and the darkey, Spades, but with Chin Chin it was a Fourth of July, Christmas, New Years, St. Patrick's Day, Joss house and stewed rats combined. In fact, he was having so much fun and "ginie" that he seemed oblivious to the loss of his pigtail the hands of the Indians, and didn't even care about the comical little stump left sticking out like the tragic end of a bobtailed horse.

But they all slept soundly after going to bed, and it wasn't until late they awoke the next morning. They found themselves, however, pretty well fixed so far as money was concerned, for their united pocketbook, which Chips carried, showed a pan out of about twenty-five dollars, which they had earned since coming into the place, besides whacking up with the landlord, who demanded a fourth of what they collected.

This, together with the fact of their having three days' board already paid for on the gun trade, made them feel very good, notwithstanding the fact that Chin Chin had a big "head" on him, because of the large quantity of "ginie" he had got outside of.

"Well—well, you do look like a 'frightful example' this morning, if you didn't last night," said Chips, laughing at the sorrowful-looking mug which his Chinese friend had on him when he put in an appearance the next morning.

Chin Chin attempted to laugh, but the sorry-looking mug which he made up while doing so, was enough to draw tears from a wall-eyed mule.

"Don't try to laugh with ther front side of yer head, ole man—it'll burst. Try the back side."

"Oh, by golly, dat am de wuss head dat I eber seen. Ya—ya—ya!" cried Spades.

"Where are yer eyes?" asked Chips.

Chin Chin attempted to open his mouth to reply, but his whole nut appeared to be sore and swollen.

"Heap too much ginie," he finally growled.

"Well, I should say so. I think I'll start up a temp'rance show, and take you along ter show what bad gin will do," and Chips laughed heartily.

"Better take a big cocktail, and then hold yer head in cold water for an hour or so to take the 'bees' out of it," said the landlord.

"Oh, me allie same like Melican man now; pigtail allie gone hellie; get heap drunk; habbie jimmy-jammy putty soon bimeby, 'spect, so be," said Chin, as though he was rapidly becoming accomplished.

This created a laugh among the loungers who had already gathered in the bar-room.

"Oh, civilization'll git inter yer yet, if yer be a John," said the landlord.

"Yes, gittie heap damie fool putty klick, s'pose, so be," replied he, half mournfully.

"Wal, go in an' chaw yer hash, an' maybe yer'll feel better."

Neither Chips nor Spades needed a second call, but Chin Chin remained behind to have the landlord mix him some medicine out of two or three decanters, after which he joined his friends in the grub-room.

It will be remembered that the landlord was a lean, lank, sharp, shrewd Yankee, and that he always had his eye

cocked to the main chance, from selling a glass of bad whiskey for a good price, to trading horses, or buying a broken down circus on speculation.

By the exercise of his craftiness he had managed to get an equal share of what our friends took up in payment for the little entertainments they gave, both at the hotel and in the hall where the temperance lecture had been so unceremoniously converted into a variety show by the "Fair Play Gang," who threw the lecturer out of the window because he had the cheek to protest against the worthy landlord's exhibiting Chin Chin as the much-needed "frightful example."

And he concluded that he could manage to pick up several dollars by keeping in with them while they remained with him, and consequently he was loud in their praises, and did all in his power to make them feel at home.

In fact, our tramps never fared better in their lives than they were faring under his roof and management. But just now he was in a bit of trouble, for a party of flush miners had arrived from the Black Horse Gulch that morning, and were spending their money at Joe Biggs' tavern.

This would never do, and so he sent one of his friends over there, on the quiet, to tell them how much better his liquors were, and that he had a band of strolling players who would afford them more fun than could be bought in any city in the world.

But while his messenger was gone, another one from Joe Biggs managed to get into the hash-room, where our friends were riding the grub at a 2:40 gait, and there offered them five dollars a day and keeping if they would only go over and entertain his flush miners, who were just souring for want of amusement, and dizzy with gold dust.

This offer Chips was about to accept, when his landlord and manager got wind of it, and after kicking the messenger out of doors, offered them all they could eat and drink and take up by collections, if they would remain where they were, and do the square thing.

This settled it, especially with Chin Chin, who by this time was feeling much better; and so they settled down to see what the day would bring forth, while the anxious landlord devoted his talents to getting the flush miners to come over and patronize his bar.

In this he was successful, after much labor; and as they had a large number of friends, as all flush people have, the bar-room was packed full of folks, and things soon began to look decidedly lively and business-like.

One of those miners was a character which interested Chips and Spades very much, as, in fact, he did everybody; and even Chin Chin began to comprehend his greatness at last, and to envy him.

His companions called him "Long Lige" for long, but "Lige" for short, but he was much oftener called "short" than "long."

He was known far and wide as the "boss liar," "the Great Western Stretcher," "The Champion Yarn Slinger," and various other names, although his best friends and those intimately associated with him in the exercise of their friendliness called him "Long Lige, the Liar."

But to those best acquainted with him, he would never

admit that he ever indulged in anything but pure metal of truth, and if he was cornered he would be sure to work himself out if you only gave him time enough.

Of course his companions who had been with him so long had lost the zest of their interest in his yarns, and knowing this, he wisely turned his attention to such strangers as he met about the taverns.

Chips listened to several of his yarns, and concluded that he was entitled to his name.

"Why, he even beats *you*, pard," said he, addressing Chin Chin, who had also been listening, and yet without wholly comprehending the yarn he was telling.

"Beatie me? Allie yite. He heap big, so be," replied Chin, who regarded the assertion as relating to Lige's physical ability to "beat" him.

"He can tell a bigger lie nor you can, Chin."

"Allie same. He heap big; makie plenty lie likie Glorge Loshington. Me lille cuss, tellie lille white lie makie tee hee, no makie cry, so be."

"Oh, yours are only little goodie good white lies that harm nobody, hey?" asked Chips, laughingly.

"So be."

"By gosher mighty, Chips, dat am a great man," said Spades, referring to Lige, who had impressed him wonderfully.

"Oh, yes, great man," said Chips.

"Greater Glorge Loshington," put in Chin Chin.

Just then Lige walked towards them, followed by about

a dozen of his admirers. He discovered Chin Chin and his lost pigtail, or at least the little knob of it that was not lost, and he at once became greatly interested in him.

"Wal, now, I'll be everlastingly hornswaggled, if that ere arn't the comicalist sight I've seen yet," said he, taking the nubbin between his thumb and finger, and laughing loudly as he held it up. "Where in thunder's yer pigtail, Johnny?"

"Alle glone uple spouttee, so be," and some of the company who knew the particulars, told him how he happened to lose it.

"Wal, that ar's quar. But it arn't nowhar so quar's what I seen up in the Salt Lake valley onct. That beat all," said he, pounding his huge fist down upon the bar so heavily that it made everything jingle that happened to be on it. "Let's licker'n I'll tell yer all 'bout it," he added.

"Good! 'Rah for Long Lige!" said a big, lazy loafer, who had been following him around like a hungry fly, for what he could suck out of him, and always ready to applaud whatever he said.

Several others who were just like him joined in the cheer, and then called for their poison.

[The continuation of these Adventures will be found in "Wide Awake Library," No. 186, entitled "Chips and Chin Chin in Omaha."]

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